

FORTY-SEVEN MISS NO-HIT HONORS BY JUST ONE LONE TAP

(Continued From First Page.)

versaries to a single safety, and after he became a no-hit hero, Joss twirled one more near no-swat contest. Addie's friends always insisted that "Parishan Bob" Caruthers, who died recently, eulogized him out of a no-hit game the first day he appeared in the fast set, which was on April 26, 1907. Then the Human Hatpin, pitching against the Browns, felled everybody except Jesse Burkett, who was awarded a safety on a fly to right that "Zaza" Harvey, now a prominent member of the Entomologists' League, out on the coast, claimed to have caught. Caruthers disagreed with Harvey on his claim, and fired Frank Bonner off the field when the Naps' second baseman tried to have Burkett declared out. Bonner, like Caruthers and Joss, has passed over to the great majority.

If there ever was a pitcher who made a more spectacular entry into fast company than Joss, the fans have forgotten about him. Addie whiffed four of the American League's best batters in the first inning and John Anderson, Rhody Wallace and Dick Padgett in the second. No American League pitcher has equaled Joss' performance of twirling seven near no-hit games. Ed Walsh, of the Sox, and Harry White, formerly of the Sox, each have five to their credit.

Comiskey's man of steel entered the no-hit class in August, 1911, after having pitched two one-swat contests in 1906, one in 1909, one in 1910 and one in 1911. The players who kept him out of the ranks of the heroes were, respectively, Harry Bums, Jack Hayden, Terry Turner, Duffy Lewis and Oscar Stange, the two first named athletes delaying until the ninth inning before producing the swats that exasperated Edward Armstrong.

E. A. however, is not the only artilleryman in the American League who has owned a no-hit game up to the ninth, and then had it wrested from him. This rare experience has happened to Heinie Berger, of the Naps; Russell Ford, once of the Yankees; Joss, of the Naps; Sox, and Otto Hess, of the Naps. The men who, at the eleventh hour, robbed these elabmen of no-hit games were, respectively, Norman Elberfeld, Danny Hoffman, Bert Shotton and Jack Combs, the Tabasco Kid being an added starter in the game in which he obtained Berger's undying hatred. Norman did a pinch hitting trick for Jack Combs in the fifth, and drove the first ball pitched him by Berger into safe territory.

Official Scorer's Error. One of the American League's one-hit games really should have been a no-hit affair, the official scorer not being faulted, however, in 1910. Charley Hall, of the Red Sox, let the Naps down with one wee safety, made because when Elmer Koesner raised a pop fly between third and the Naps' Captain Charley Wagner yelled, "Take it, Bill," neither William Carrigan nor William Furlong going after the ball because each thought the other had called for it.

There was another game that same season in which only one hit had been made up to the ninth. It really was a hit, but the owner of the club thought otherwise and issued instructions to the official scorer to make it an error—the instructions which were not obeyed, and which were resented much to the delight of the official scorer, the visitors waded into the near no-hit hero in the ninth and lammed him for seven solid slams.

Chicago's pitchers own the most one-hit games—18. The Naps' hurlers possess 15, the Yankees 9, the White Elephants 8, the Tigers 6, the Red Sox 6, the Nationals 6, and the Browns 5. There are the men who have twirled one-hit games in the American League since it forsook its swaddling clothes: **One-Hit Games Pitched in American League, 1901 to 1913, inclusive.**
By White Sox, 15—Walsh, 5; White, 5; Smith, 4; Callahan, 1; Olmstead, 1; Russell, 1; Platt, 1.
By Naps, 12—Joss, 7; Mitchell, 2; Dowling, 1; Rhoades, 1; Berger, 1; Hess, 1; Moore, 1.
By Yankees, 6—Doyle, 1; Orth, 1; Warhop, 1; Wolfe, 1; Chesbro, 1; Hogg, 1; Lake, 1; Brant, 1; Ford, 1.
By White Elephants, 3—Waddell, 2; Combs, 2; Morgan, 2; Plank, 1; Dyar, 1.
By Tigers, 6—Donovan, 2; Mercer, 1; Summers, 1; Mullin, 1; Dubuc, 1.
By Red Sox, 6—Wood, 1; Dineen, 1; Collins, 1; Winter, 1; Hall, 1; Young, 1.
By Nationals, 6—Johnson, 2; Hughes, 1; Gray, 1; Walker, 1; Cashion, 1.
By Browns, 5—Hamilton, 2; Peltz, 1; Glade, 1; Waddell, 1.

ALBRIGHT READY FOR HIS BATTLE WITH JOE TURNER

(Continued From First Page.)

ing spirit. They love each other with the same tender passion that his Santia majesty is said to regard holy water. Albright is putting in his last few days with John Klionia. The big Greek is taking entire charge of the New Yorker, and believes that he can give him just the necessary finishing touches to enable him to win. In support of his opinion Klionia is willing to wager all or any part of \$200 that his man will win.

Friends of Turner are just as sure that he will still be champion after the bout is over. He has never been in better shape in his life, and he believes that his matches with Dr. Roller have helped him wonderfully. At least he asserts that he has a few new tricks stored away for the benefit of Albright. "Connie has called me a four-flush and a quitter," said Joe. "Well, the people of Richmond will have a chance to see whether or not I am a quitter when I get to him Tuesday night. I only hope they will reserve their opinion until after they have seen me go after him. I know that Albright is a tough proposition. He is a good man, but I am a better man, and I am going to prove it."

Plenty of Confidence. Which is about the last word in confidence. Both lads will have hundreds of friends in the theatre to cheer them on. The fact that this will be the deciding match and that Turner and Albright have been at loggerheads for some time will tend to bring a crowded house. There is no question about that. Aside from the knowledge that in Turner and Albright they will see the best men at their weight in the game to-day, those who follow the sport realize that this will prove just about the best thing in the way of a match ever staged in Richmond.

The bout will be best two out of three falls, winner take all. In deference to the wishes of a majority of those who patronize the sport here, the two hold and strangle hold will be barred. Outside of this the men can go as far, as fast, and as hard as they like. Fred Westervelt will referee the match, and since he has gained quite a reputation as the third man in the ring, the announcement should be eminently satisfactory to all parties.

Now that the fans are getting the match for which they have been clamoring weeks upon weeks, they can sit back and prepare to enjoy themselves. There is little need to dwell on the style of the two men. Almost everybody hereabouts knows their methods. Turner is agile, tricky and strong. In direct contrast, Albright is methodical in his work, though fast, but he is not as wire to the many fine points of wrestling as Turner. He hopes to offset Turner's greater cleverness with his strength. It is a well-known fact that Albright is physically stronger than Turner, and in this lays his chief asset.

Dig Advance Sale. Seats are now on sale at the Academy for the bout. Announcement is made that because of the great cost of staging the attraction, women will not be admitted free. Already the advance sale has been tremendous, and as the date approaches the best seats will be in great demand. Manager Wae, of the Academy of Music, states that it is by far the greatest advance sale ever had for a wrestling match.

While no bets have been recorded, it is well known that Albright's backers are ready and anxious to support their favorites. No odds are asked. The men are entirely too evenly matched for either side to offer odds. There is vastly more Albright money floating around than there is Turner money, though Joss has plenty of backers, who will probably wait for a better price than even money. In addition to the gate money and the Police Gazette bet, now in Turner's possession, the match is for a side bet of \$250. The bout will begin exactly at 8:30 o'clock, and those expecting to attend should be in their seats at the appointed hour for not a minute of the fun should be lost.

Whichever way it goes, both Turner and Albright will know that they have been in a match, and the audience will have many thrills. It will be a corking entertainment for everybody, but the men engaged in battle.

IN THE WAKE OF THE GAME

By Guy Malbert

"IN THE LAND OF NOD."

I've sent some ripping morsels down for gaping mouths to feed.
And litted songs of warriors bold and plining for the fray.
I've found a new Utopia while scribbling out my screed;
But, hang it all, when at my best, I'm browsing in the hay.

I've written stuff that put to blush the best that ever was—
I had Eddie Poe and Shakespeare, too, all covered like a tent.
I've never published most of this—well, mostly just because
When old Big Ben began to ring, the goshdanged things had went.

I've hit a good 400 in leagues from coast to coast,
And made the great C. Mathewson look like a bush league boor.
I've sent 'em all back to the sticks; but what's the use to boast,
For when it happened I was tucked aboard my Ostermoor.

I've held four aces in my mit when the limit was the sky,
And cashed some bets in time of need when I was dry on cats.
I've made the bookies close their stalls with teardrops in their eyes;
But when I went to grab the kale, I was snuggling 'twixt the sheets.

IT'S A PECULIAR THING, as Lord Bacon once remarked, or should have remarked, but the only golconda most of us ever know is in the land of dreams. Well, it's better to have dreamed and lost than never to have dreamed at all.

AS TO BEN SPENCER.

NOW THERE'S BEN SPENCER, at present at the bounteous board of Mr. Clark Griffith, near the University of Virginia. Ben Spencer was once a wage-earner in the Virginia League, working for Helme Busch over in Petersburg. One day, so the story goes, Mike Kahoe, in the employ of the afore mentioned Mr. Griffith, journeyed to Petersburg, saw Mr. Spencer and forthwith purchased him to supply the wants of the Washington Baseball Club. Ben now chortles that he never again will he work in the Virginia League, regardless of salary inducements. Ben has probably had visions of skids and, therefore, is seeking to select his own path back to the bushes—a not unwise procedure. But there's small need for him to worry over a return to the Virginia League. His former owners have never ceased congratulating themselves on the lucky stroke of fate that carried him away; and there is not another club in the circuit that would put up with his vagaries. Ben may go back to his dear Patapsco, Md., without fear of molestation from the Virginia League.

ANOTHER GRIFFITH JOKE.

DWELLING for a few further lines on Clark Griffith and his Nationals, we note that Griff considers Howard Shanks, who, with Dan Moeller and Clyde Milan, will make up his picket staff during 1914, as valuable a player as Tris Speaker. Such an announcement would prove entertainingly startling from any manager excepting the manager of the Nationals. When a manager offers \$100,000 for a ball player and comes back with any such assertion as this latest report, we naturally come to the conclusion that, as a manager of a ball club, he is one grand little press agent.

OH, ARTFUL ART!

(Art. Shafer, third baseman of the New York Giants, in giving his reasons for not signing this year, says he has much of a strain on the nerves; it has made me ten years older, and has turned my hair gray.—News Item.)

They say that Artful Shafer
Is cutting quite a caper,
And will not sign.
Baseball, he declares,
Is giving him gray hairs—
We should pine.
For in 1912
This little boy in blue
Will be there.
And if pay-day comes around,
In the ranks he'll then be found,
With no hair.

HURRAH FOR KINSTON!

IT REMAINS for Kinston, N. C., to spring the real baseball sensation of the age. Kinston is not normally a town about which people rave, or to which people travel in any great number—not so you would notice it. But Kinston is foisting upon the public the only real kind of an umpire yet discovered. He's deaf and dumb, and his name is Leslie Johnson. He has just signed his contract. Can you imagine a deaf and dumb arbiter? What's the poor ball player to do with a vocabulary that he has probably been nurturing and fostering and educating for years just for the benefit of his Umps? There's no fun cussin' a fellow what can't hear you, is there?—so what's the use?

IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY.

MOST OF THE NEWS from the training camps in the far South is reassuring. The war correspondents are showing proper respect for the feelings of the fans back home, and the preseason dope is once more running true to form. So far as can be gathered from this distance there are to be no second division clubs. Even the St. Loocy Browns are sure back home, even to his own home, that St. Louis has a chance to vacate the subway, he has the Polish boy looking like jelly-spined weaking. For seats of action, but the regulation hurrahs are now being spilled regularly. The Yankees, says Frank Chance, are the likeliest looking bunch he has ever lamped, and even Billy Phelon, writing of the Reds, predicts that Buck Herzog has a chance for the pennant. It makes good reading, and natives of St. Louis, New York and Cincinnati might feel fairly jubilant over the prospects were it not for the fact that at the very same time last year St. Louis was in the first division, New York no further down than third place, while Cincinnati was ready to hoist the good old rag.

EXACTLY THIRTY big league stars refused to be inveigled by the blandishments and dollars of the Federals. In spite of herculean efforts to pull them from their moorings. In this list may be found such real stars as Speaker, Mathewson, Evers, Tesreau, Wheat, Rucker, Cravath, Alexander, Zimmermann, Hans Wagner, Carey, Koussky, Mowrey, Viox, Wingo, Meisel, Caldwell, Cobb, Crawford, Bush, Eddie Collins, Chase, Tex Russell, Gregg, Chapman, Lajoie, Milan, Gandil and Boehling. All of these men could have named their own terms.

COMISKEY BRAINS OF LEAGUE?

PREDICTIONS are now being made that since Charley Comiskey, owner of the White Sox, has returned, Ban Johnson will not be giving any more interviews. While we had always had great respect for Comiskey as a good business man and a good baseball man, we had never reached the conclusion that he was the brains of the American League. We had always attributed that title to Ban Johnson, yet one of the scribbles following the fortunes of the Johnsonian circuit states unequivocally that without Comiskey the American League would be floundering around with neither head nor feet. For organized baseball it is indeed a blessing that Comiskey has been practically restored to health, if this statement holds good.

WE LEARN from Miss Vida Sutton, an authority on modern dress, and, indeed, an authority on the feminist movement throughout the world, that the reason girls wear slit skirts is to attract husbands. It's allright for some girls, perhaps, but there are others—still, the Mexican situation is getting rather serious.

THE DEATH of Col. W. W. Naughton, in San Francisco, last week, means vastly more to the sporting world than the average layman will appreciate. Bill Naughton knew more fighters, and more about fighting, than any man in the world. He had followed the fight game for years upon years, and was intimately associated with the reform movement that started several years ago. More than this, he had the confidence of all, and what Bill Naughton said was the last word so far as pugilism was concerned. There is no man in the country who can take his place right now. Of course, the years go-by, some young man will gain some of the knowledge that Naughton carried with him to the grave, but until that time there will be a wide gap in the ranks of writers on pugilism and pugilists.

RITCHIE A REAL CHAMP.

WILLIE RITCHIE has once more demonstrated that he is a real champion. Friends of Ad Wolgast announced before the fight that the Michigan wonder was in better shape than he ever was before in his life. Predictions were even made by some of the probably too pro-Wolgast followers that he would win via the K. O. route in six rounds. No question exists but that Wolgast was in wonderful trim. To win over the champion would have meant thousands of dollars to him. But Ritchie not only offset all that Wolgast offered, but went him one better. Willie Ritchie will be the lightweight champion, and we mean to come. He is still young, takes excellent care of himself, and combines science with a kick that will fell a mule. He is Wolgast's master over the short or long route, and he is the master of any of the aspiring youngsters now to the front. Wolgast deliberately fouled Ritchie in their fight November 23, 1912, in the sixteenth round, after he realized that he was beaten. And Thursday night he tried to win back his lost title on the plea that he had been fouled. The referee refused to allow the foul, and, from ringside reports of the battle, very rightly refused.

WE ARE IN RECEIPT of a letter from Guy Colgate, who umpired here last season. He writes that he is going to the Western Canada League. At present Colgate is selling automobile accessories.

A LETTER FROM "SUBSCRIBER" asks us to tell the greatest infielder and outfielder in baseball; also, the greatest shortstop, past or present. In the first place, "Subscriber" failed to sign his name, his communication, which prevents us from furnishing this information, if we had it; and, in the second place, we haven't got it. There can be no arbitrary standard for greatest players. It is largely a matter of opinion. However, there are certain questions in "Subscriber's" letter that we will be glad to answer if he will write, sign his name and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.



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A sprinkle of nutmeg on the top is not a bad addition. And a variation is to substitute a lump of ice for hot water; or, you can add a dash of bitters and have an old-fashioned whiskey cocktail. But that is another chapter.

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ALL EXPRESS PREPAID

LEAGUE PRESIDENT EXPECTS CHANGES IN NEW SCHEDULE

(Continued From First Page.)

in their flush of victory at having deprived Richmond of week-end series, are blind to any and everything else.


President Expects Changes.

In a letter to the writer, Mr. Boatwright, after pointing out some errors in the original draft of the schedule, suggests that there will probably be many changes in the schedule before the season begins. Right here we wish to announce that the errors referred to by Mr. Boatwright did not occur in the schedule printed by The Times-Dispatch last Sunday. That schedule was correct in every detail. Mr. Boatwright received an uncorrected copy of proof, and therefore his discovery of errors. Now back to Mr. Boatwright's suggestion that there are changes to be made. Quoting directly from the letter of the president, he says: "I am sure there will be a number of corrections and changes later on, and no doubt you will want to publish a corrected copy."

Most certainly a corrected copy of the schedule will be printed once the schedule is changed. But what are the changes to be? Certainly an improvement can be made over the document already printed, but we hold that there can be no equitable schedule adopted by the Virginia League that will give hope of financial success for the several clubs. The one great advantage of having the week-end games in Richmond was giving the cities unable to draw profitable crowds to the parks when at home an opportunity to share in the greater gate receipts here. Portsmouth and Roanoke cannot be self-supporting when at home. The only hope these two cities can have is to draw well away from home. Petersburg will do adversely well, only under the condition that Petersburg has a winning club; given a loser and Petersburg will come to draw.

History Proves Assertion.

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partisan Petersburg to take umbrage at such a remark. The same story all over the world. Even tremendous New York with over 4,000,000 people to draw from turned out less than 1,000 people a day to witness the Yankees play when the Yankees were in the rut. Richmond draws more people to the park to see a loser than Petersburg, for the simple reason that Richmond has more people to draw from.

There is not a city in the world but decreases in gate receipts when the club is losing. So why expect more of Petersburg. And then there is the history of the past to support the contention. Petersburg was in the Virginia League once before, and as long as Petersburg was winning, the club was supported; when the club started to lose, Petersburg dropped out of the league, and had no baseball, no professional baseball for years, indeed, not until three years ago. It was in the last days of the season of 1910 that Petersburg took over the Portsmouth franchise.

What is true of Petersburg is true of Norfolk. In addition, Norfolk has many attractions and diversions not afforded in the other cities. In the spring and fall the races attract a great many people who otherwise would be in the ball park. The seashore resorts during the heated season take hundreds out of the city. And there is only a certain percentage of the population of any city that will attend the games. Petersburg, in order to can patronize baseball under the most favorable conditions. Richmond, with no counter attractions and the greatest population of any city in the league, stands the best chance of drawing well and any city that does not.

People Here Apathetic.

It is of small moment to Richmond whether the ball club is here week-ends or not. It may mean much to the owners, but to the people it means little. Fully 60 per cent of the fans attending the games here go in a lethargic mood, caring little whether Richmond wins or loses, but present largely because there is nothing else to do, and the covered stands furnish shelter from the sun. If they see a good game they are amply repaid regardless of which way the tide of victory turns. That's another condition the smaller cities are unable to appreciate, but it's a very real condition.

So that, from the standpoint of the vast majority here, week-end or mid-week games matter little. There are thousands who attend the park who wouldn't care a rap if there never was another game played in the Virginia League. There are an equal number who would be glad to see the league quit.

It is the Virginia League that must inevitably suffer. Any schedule which seeks to give each city in the league the same number of Saturdays at home is sure to increase the mileage account appreciably, unless the magnates decide to continue under the abortive schedule already adopted, which means death for the organization. No use trying to fool each other by the mileage proposition. Pooling the mileage means nothing when the cost is increased appreciably, for the only town that actually benefits from the pooled mileage proposition is Richmond, the one city best able to stand the strain of long and costly jumps.

For Benefit of League. Not for Richmond's benefit, but for the benefit of the league, do we urge the adoption of the original No. 1 schedule offered by President Boatwright. Or, if the desire is to cut Richmond off from some week-end games, don't put the burden of Richmond's being away from home on the shoulders of the two weakest members of the league—Roanoke and Portsmouth. Likewise, in framing a schedule, it is usually the policy to give a real test of strength as between each of the clubs. The present arrangement makes it a three-cornered race between Richmond and Petersburg, Norfolk and Portsmouth, and Roanoke and Newport News. It might be advisable, if this schedule is ultimately to hold, to

have a post-season series between the winners of these three dual meets, then some idea of the real champion of the Virginia League might be obtained.

It is certain that the magnates will be asked to reconsider their previous action. An equitable schedule may be the final determination, but it seems hardly possible that sealing men will attempt to play a season of baseball under the abortion now obtaining as the official schedule of the organization.

YALE WRESTLERS LOSE TO TECHS

New Haven, Conn., March 14.—The Yale wrestling team lost a series of interesting bouts to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at the Yale gymnasium to-night, the visitors earning a victory on points totaling sixteen to Yale's thirteen.

The victory virtually belonged to Yale, but in the 135-pound class, McIntyre, of Yale, had to gain a fall over his opponent, Martin, in order to gain a decision, or else concede four points to the visitor. McIntyre had Martin within a fraction of the necessary fall, but the latter had good staying power and gained the decision on points.

Spring 1914.

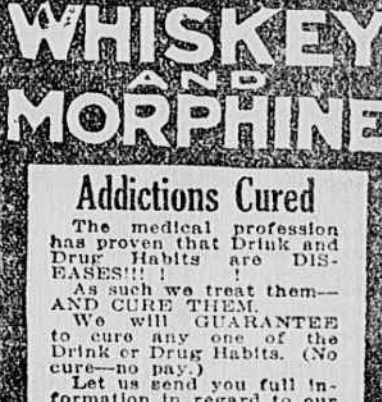
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